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MONDAY
MAY 17, 1954

Woke early. A hot day, as was yesterday. Julia is too feeble to come upstairs, but sent me by her octagenarian sister some excellent scrambled eggs.

Went to the Department and established myself in Ben Moore's office. Was led away to meeting of Planning Staff, and afterwards another in Foster's office. All discussion was on Indo-China, and it was of a grave nature. I had nothing to say, as this is outside my bailiwick, but I am disturbed over what may transpire in that part of the world, with or without our participation.

Livy lunched me at the Metropolitan. We agreed I should remain abroad until the summer recess of the French Parliament commenced.

The news from Geneva is gloomy. The British and French want a cease-fire, and quickly. The Russians and Chinese take the long view. They seem in no hurry to settle unless it be completely on their own terms. They are unhandicapped by the pressure of public opinion, and uncursed by the desire for speedy solutions, so dear to democracies.

Dined tonight with the Grahams. They are suffering no indigestion from absorbing the Times Herald, at a price of eight million dollars. We had a wonderful evening, or at least I certainly did. I had stopped on the way to see Lorraine Shevlin in her pretty new house.

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